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From the A. S. Standard.

Slavery is War.

"About three weeks past we had an inspection of our negroes, who, in one night, cut off about twenty-five whites, after which they formed a considerable body, and sacrificed everything in their way. We were immediately alarmed, and under arms, and the first method we took to suppress them, was by securing all our ferries and passes by guards, and—body upon the spot came up with them, and engaged; they gave two fires, but without any damage. We returned the fire, and brought down fourteen on the spot, gave them chase, and, in compass of—days, killed about twenty more, and took about forty alive, who were immediately hanged, gibbeted alive, shot, &c. Some others came in, were tried, and discharged. There may be about ten more that are cut, but will soon be taken."

Several years ago, a venerable friend, since departed, showed me a letter in manuscript, from which the above extract is taken. It bears a name which I should have given, but that it may invade too much the sacredness of private relations;—a name, however, of which I may remark, that it is by no means unknown in either of those conspicuous States of our Republic—Massachusetts and South Carolina. Its date I give:—Charleston, S. C. Sept. 23, 1732. So that, besides the victims of an insurrection, so awful as at that hour this must have been, all the actors on each side, who survived the horrors of those dark days, and doubly-dark nights, must have long since passed away. Less than a hundred years had succeeded, when Virginia was doomed to a like scene of horror and carnage. The years of Slavery which preceded the California insurrection, those which intervened between it and the Virginian, and those which have succeeded the latter, even in its quietest seasons, have all been years, not of peace, but of suppressed war. The fiercest war has its intervals of repose. There must, even in times of hottest haste, be snatched a time to breathe, to renew, and, if possible, to integrate impaired energies. We speak of certain wars in our annals, with the Indians, with the French, with the English, and narrate their causes, their origin, their progress, their termination, their effects. We forget that for two centuries and a quarter we have been engaged in an incessant war, war entering directly into our very households, and arraying the different members of those households, against each other in conflict, which waits only the favorable moment for doing all the fell deeds entailed to battle itself—Slavery is War! Insurrection now and then appears; the country is moved; insurgents are slain, no subdued, are dealt with according to the policy of the conquerors. But the insurrection is to the whole state of domestic Slavery, only what a battle is to the whole state of international war—the point of fearful junction, at which brutal passions gathered in perfect fury, meet to slay; then, with blood, as the old Roman giant feasted his ruder appetite with the flesh and blood of those who entered his cavern.

Slavery is war! It begins in war; it can begin in no other way. By force deemed irresistible, so yielded in desperation, the individual is first made a slave. The force which compels him to reluctant submission, is the force of selfish impulse, of proud ambition, of rapacious covetousness. Against this force the mind does battle while he believes he can; he does battle, not only with the high will, but with the "counter-attraction of the same lower passions which are arrayed against him. Justice is always evened. This cup-bearer of the secret powers, always finds way to mix again, in the chalice which one gives to another, the same ingredients which have been drunken off, and to return it flesh to the first giver; nay, more than emanant, to compel it to his lips. Selfish impulse comes back in selfish resistance; proud ambition, in proud envy and revenge; rapacious covetousness, in a rapacious commiseration with it, sustained by the covetousness which butts without bound, and fails, only with the limitations of its powers, and its means. Nay, the blood which has stained the soil of Africa,—the blood which this same retributive Destiny, this stern, inexorable Necessity, has drawn from the invader,—his rapacity and cruelty had first drawn from the victim,—no man can tell, no man know.

Slavery is War. War seems a Peace sometimes. It only seems. There is none in reality, there can be none. The elements of War are forever latent, even when hidden from being open, in its bosom. More than two hundred and twenty-five years has there been a state of real, though commonly suppressed, war between the European and the African races, whose chief seats have been the western coast of Africa, and the warmer and more fertile regions of America. The war is now hushed, save as a casual outbursting of its fire and bloody spirit appear in deeds of mutual vengeance and violence. The war is now hushed, shall I say; let me recall this word. The slave is at it, sitting either in despair or in hope on the field which he cannot command, and waiting, as his spirit may be, for protracted bondage, for bitter revenge, or for sweeter freedom. This shall come at last; but, alas! the bondage and the revenge are also sure. The blended conflict and revenge have already appeared on the Rio Grande. Oppressor, in this far victorious, seeks wider sphere of action. But our sons and brothers are already murdered over as its victims. The voice which proclaims slavery to be war, pronounces therewith the certainty that war, whether to extend and strengthen slavery by new reinforcements from Mexico, or to perpetuate it within our original borders, will bring its own curse on the nation and the individual. A phrase sufficiently ludicrous has lately come into use; our great men talk of conquering a Peace. Peace has been indeed conquered. It has been conquered as the angelic form stood forth imploring us to re-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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once justice in our relation to Texas and to Mexico. Peace has been conquered as the celestial voice called on us to bless mankind in engraving the law of universal freedom into the Minervan structures of our Confederacy. Peace has been conquered in the whole history of American Slavery. The power of peace has laid bleeding for centuries on this American soil. Here it will lie trodden down, beaten, soiled, covered with dust, encrusted with blood, just so long as slavery, one with war, remains under our bright skies, within our ocean borders.

"Conquer Peace." Proud statesmen, ye may conquer it for a while. In your capital, in your palaces, in your streets; in caucuses or feasts; wherever ye can make your voices overflow and drown the sacred voice in the soul of man; ye may conquer peace, and exult in your conquest. Know that your victory is but for a moment. The smoke of men's fireworks, the vapor of men's steam-engines, may rise high enough, and be thick enough to darken the blessed sun. But the sun is there! America! in other ways than we boast to conquer Peace, and darken the earth. But the brief instant of a century or a millennium drives the war with its smoke and shroud forever, the cloud we have raised is away, the sun shines anew; Peace looks down from heaven, the celestial power is revealed, unclouded, undimmed, sun-like and divine forever. Peace encompassing freedom, freedom rejoicing in peace, a divine marriage, the whole earth exulting in its everlasting festival.—T. S.

Captain Hannum.

We copy from the Post, which doubtless feels itself highly complimented by being made the medium of such a communication, as the following statement from Capt. Hannum:

CAPT. HANNUM'S STATEMENT.

Boston, Sept. 16, 1846.

Certain inflammatory articles, with lavish abuse of my employers and myself, first made me aware of the existence of the "Cynosure."

The authors of the above were doubtless persons unacquainted with commerce—ignorant of the habits of shipmasters—intent only upon carrying out their own selfish, narrow-minded principles, regardless of the means employed. The following are some of the particulars of the late slave case:—On the morning of his discovery, (August 14th) I gave him to understand that he must be sent back by the first vessel; and for this purpose had a frequent lookout at the most head. Not being successful in meeting a vessel bound out to New Orleans, I left him in the lower harbor on my arrival, while I came to the city for advice. Messrs. Pearson & Co. (as I have heard) with motives of the purest justice, decided that he must go back—and back he has gone; but he has not been "sent away empty." He received many presents in money and clothing from my friends who visited me while in the harbor, and from the time of his discovery till his shipment he lived and fared as I did myself. Were it necessary I could produce many witnesses who saw and conversed with him, to prove that he expressed his regret that he absconded from me—that he was willing to abide by my decision and return to his master. As for that motley crew of whites and blacks who crowded the decks of the "Lincoln," and hailed me in the "Vision," with cries of "run him down," "fire into him!"—I doubt if there is one of them who would be more rejoiced to see a slave set free, or the whole institution of slavery with its thousand curses, tumbled to the dust, than the "kidnapper captain" whom they were so intent upon persecuting. It is such wild proceedings as these, and clandestinely bringing slaves to liberty, that forces still stronger the fetters of slavery at the south and keeps alive that spirit of enmity between us and our southern brethren.

I think they accuse me of mercenary motives, which is the most absurd of all their charges.

If they will look at some of the New Orleans papers they will learn the amount of the reward, and can then judge how much inducement it would be to absent myself from home and all its domestic enjoyments for four days after an absence of three months. Furthermore, the captain who takes him to New Orleans is directed to take no reward, but to plead earnestly for the slave for a release from punishment.

In my letter to the master, now in possession of the slave, I have stated that in sending him back, I sacrifice feelings of humanity and private principles to the laws of the state, and solicit in return a mitigation of punishment for the unfortunate offender. The master, no doubt, would rather never see the slave, if he could secure me or the Ottoman. He could then place a high value upon him, which I should be compelled to pay, and then come fine and imprisonment to satisfy the offended laws of Louisiana. I will say no more. To the hands of my brother shipmasters—the press—the public, abolitionists and all—I leave the subject for consideration.

JAS. W. HANNUM.
Master of brig Ottoman.

It appears clearly from this frank statement of the kidnapper, that he did the deed from no "mercenary" motive, but that he sacrificed "feelings of humanity and private principles" to the laws of Louisiana! This is pure disinterested selfishness. This he did in favor of a wretch who doesn't want the negro, but wants a high price for him. He did a thing which he knew to be wrong, flagrantly wrong, diabolically wrong, out of regard for the fine and imprisonment which the offended laws, made just by such wretches, would have visited upon him if he had done it. The Captain's motive was not "mercenary," of course it was not the fine that moved him. It was not any inherent reverence for those laws that moved him, for he sacrificed his "private principles" in doing it. Poor man! Loss of liberty is bad enough truly. The slave he sent back knows that.

But if he had thought proper to sacrifice his going to New Orleans to Massachusetts law, instead of sacrificing his "feelings of humanity and principles" to Louisiana law, might he not have escaped imprisonment! For a man who has no "mercenary" motives, is it not possible to give up even trade to New Orleans! There are ports to which a captain may sail, where he will not be called upon to sacrifice his humanity or his principles.

Really, does Capt. Hannum expect us to believe that the returned slave finally went back *voluntarily* to interminable bondage, whence, Capt. Hannum, another slave, so dreaded, a temporary imprisonment, that he sacrificed "his feelings of humanity and private principles" to escape it! No, no, Capt. Hannum; you cannot deceive us, if you deceive yourself. Men who have liberty enough to dare what that slave did, do not go back to slavery willingly, unless it be to save the sacrifice of their humanity and their principles. Lafayette went to prison rather than sacrifice his "feelings of humanity and his private principles." It is even possible that the man you have sent back to New Orleans, might have gone back for a similar reason, if you had taken a different course towards him. Had you landed him in Massachusetts, and said to him, "Brother, you have had a hard lot, and I will have no hand in making it harder; you are free to go, but you will understand that your going to this way subjects me to the loss of my business, the bread of my children, or to a fine of a thousand dollars and five years imprisonment." It is possible his feelings of humanity might have risen so high to your behalf, that he would have gone back to his "owner," rather than sacrifice them. If he had done so, we are sure you would say, that he had done more for you than ever John H. Pearson did. But if reports are true, you did no such thing, but falsely charged him with stealing your pocket-book in order to rescue him from the "feelings of humanity and private principles" of the bystanders in South Boston. Do you pretend that the man went back voluntarily under such circumstances! No; his "regret" that he absconded from you, was only a humble imitation of your own trick of falsehood, designed to facilitate another escape; and, begging your pardon, it was much more justifiable than yours.—(Chronicle.)

BIBLE ETHICS AS MORE EXTERNAL ACTS AND LEGAL RELATIONS.—When Mr. Kinsaid was in Philadelphia, in 1843, in a speech before the Baptist Bible Society, he said: "Let me lead you into Agra. See those dark forenoon prison walls with no windows. Enter the massive gates, and walk through those damp halls. In this dark damp cell sits one, pale and emaciated, surrounded by felons and murderers, yet how mild and tranquil. He knows you, and he plucks a little book from his breast, 'Extracts from the Bible.' Who is that man; and why is he there? It is Ko-San-Lone; and his wife and seven lovely children are there. The governor enters, places before him an image of Gaudama, and says, 'Ko-San-Lone, you must bow to that image, and you are free.' 'I worship the eternal God!' is the reply. Says the governor, 'Ko-San-Lone, you are a great fool; you may worship in your heart just what you like, only bow to that image.' 'My Lord,' replies Ko-San-Lone, 'even in appearance I cannot deny my Saviour.' What a pity Ko-San-Lone had not been initiated into the doctrine of the harmlessness of a "mere external act," or a "mere legal relation." How readily he might then have come out of prison; and what a world of good he might have done! Especially if he had only added a little external slaveholding and polygamy! Alas! when will men be wise!—A. S. Reporter.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Letter from Calvin Fairbanks, the Prisoner.

MR. EDITOR: Please insert the following letter in your paper, which no doubt will be read with interest:

REV. ISAAC M. WADE:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 20th July came duly to hand on the 23th inst. Sir, it was a source of unexpected pleasure, and roused the prisoner to think of what he once was, who his associates were, and what were his prospects. Once I had a long life of pleasure anticipated before me; now 'tis uncertain, (it was always uncertain.) Once I was in the bosom of my friends, but now it seems that I have none. When I advert to old scenes—those rocks and hills, the woods and temples, my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Al! those scenes of our boyhood! when I think of them I sigh to see them again.—Your Father seemed like my Father, your Mother like my Mother, your brothers and sister like my brothers and sister. I should be happy if you would write me soon again—write once every month or two. I had heard of the death of sister Harriet; and can in a few words give you my feelings on the subject. I buried all my friends when I entered this prison. I regard her death as a dispensary providence; that God has taken his own creature from the world. He had a right to do so. I'll not complain of his dealings, nor sigh for the death of the society of my sister, especially so long as I have reason to think her soul is with God. She is happier than I am—in a better state than I am—then I'll say for her, thy will O God, be done.

Remember me, I remain your brother in good bonds.
CALVIN FAIRBANKS.
Ky. Prison House, Aug. 21, 1846.

I would like to follow this letter with a few lines. I am personally acquainted with Mr. F., the prisoner. In our boyhood our parents joined firms, and we were schoolmates together. We took a deep interest in each others welfare; but since we became men, we have been separated. After I heard that he was imprisoned in Ky. for the term of 15 years, for aiding 3 slaves in their escape from bondage, (husband, wife and child,) my heart was made to bleed, not only for him, but for his kind parents and friends. Their sorrows on earth are multiplied, no doubt; to live in remembrance of their imprisoned son, will bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Shall we not weep with them? Shall we not remember him? Where is he! In prison! How long! Fifteen years! For what? For granting liberty to those who were in bonds! For their freedom he is now in prison in free America! Who will dare proclaim peace and liberty, and that we are a free people, when there is no peace, and our destruction is coming like a whirlwind!

I made Mr. F. a visit last spring. He recognized me as soon as I stepped upon the threshold of the cell in which he was at work. I conversed with him about 20 minutes in the presence of the keeper, at the expiration of which I was informed that I must leave. During the conversation he said, "pray for me, that I may be reconciled to my fate, and yet how can I but I must be!" He stated that he had some comfort, which consisted in teaching a bible class of about forty prisoners every sabbath. At length, placing his eyes upon mine, (which scene I shall never forget,) grasping my hand in his, with strong tokens of tenderness, deep love and affection, his eyes bathed in tears, his lips quivered, he trembled, and turning his face from me he exclaimed, "in all of your mirthful scenes and northern privileges, religious and moral, remember me. Farewell!" This was a sorrowful time indeed. My heart melted within me, trembling I passed through the iron gate and went out.

I walked up from the prison, through the city, and seated myself on a summit where the people were constantly passing. From previous conversation which I had in the city before entering the prison, with different persons, and also at this time with those who were passing, I found myself endangered by my visit to the prison. I was also informed that the people of Kentucky had agreed among themselves to assassinate Mr. F. at the expiration of his term in prison in a shameful manner. I found it necessary for me to leave on board of the cars, which thing I did in a short time after, and fled to the next city where I was soon pursued. Men with their works and other weapons stalked about me threatening me with immediate death! My blood seemed to chill in my veins while a villainous man placed his dirk to my breast, looked up toward heaven exclaiming by the power of God and his throne, that he would pierce my heart, if I denied the charges preferred against me, on the subject of visiting an old comrade in State's prison who had assisted slaves. By soft words and persuasive arguments, I escaped from the murderer, and while they were gathering by hundreds to take a lynchee me, I escaped by the cars, and steered my course to Tennessee by way of the Cumberland river.

I travelled in different parts of that State, and also south Kentucky. I visited cities, country towns, and plantations and individuals of every rank of respectability, and also the poor slaves in their huts and hovels, who are despised and treated as less than human. At different times I hazarded my life. I preached to the slave and also the master, enforcing their several duties and relations, which gratified the enslaved and enraged the master. Both ministers and deacons, churches and people, seemed to be set on fire of hell. I visited the poor slaves 7 hundreds, fifties, tens, and individually. They showed me their whipped backs, their bruised heads, their mangled limbs. They told me of their limited privileges, mocked by seminaries and institutions—how they were bound up in ignorance, bowed down and trampled upon. The moral and intellectual faculties of their immortal souls which are capable of expansion to the glory of God and the best interests of man, the slaveholder has waged war with, and has for the present gained a victory; something like that which Egypt gained over Israel, like that of the heathen kings over Daniel and the Hebrews, like that of the patriarch children over their brother Joseph, like that which Judas and the Jews Patriarch gained over Christ, which was only by permission. Oh! let us exercise faith which hath works, and prayer which takes no denial to the God of Israel, of Joseph, (who was

added to slavery,) and to the god of Daniel, and the Hebrews, who was able to shut the lion's mouth and to destroy the heat of the furnace, and to raise Christ from the dead, and make him victorious and conqueror over death, hell and the grave. We shall ere long see the travail of our souls and be satisfied; for the cries of the slave have reached the ear of God. I have heard their prayers which they offered up while they knelt together in solid columns; oh! what fervency and earnestness! I never saw the like before.—Tears gushing from their eyes in torrents, and their groanings seemed to be unutterable. To hear such prayers and exhortations so oft repeated, "I was astonished. I saw just where slavery lives: it lives upon the dearest rights of the slave naturally, morally, and religiously. All is subjugated to the lusts and pride of their masters. Indeed it was heart rending to me to see women and children, husbands and wives, on the day of sales marching up to the block to be separated and sold. I never could witness the sales, it is shocking.

You will often see slave-women playing with their children pleasantly, and suddenly their countenance will change, their eyes roll in tears, and they will exclaim, "Go read upon that post you see yonder, the sale of my little ones—my husband, my tender, aged mother soon must be driven away, and I shall see them no more!" I heard several of the slaves say that smothering children and infants, to keep them from being sold, was a common among slaves, which was afterwards confirmed by acknowledgments from their masters. At different times, after forming an acquaintance with the slaves, I would be surrounded by them, painfully hear their cries, and witness their tears, which are fresh in my memory unto this day. They would hold me by the hand, gather around me in large groups, with streaming tears, and exclaim with loud voices, which seem as yet to ring in my ears like deep toned thunder, "O remember us poor slaves, whom Christ died to save; we would like to read about him, but we are forbidden! Our masters don't care for our souls, they sell us to get money to pay their ministers and missionaries, to educate their children, (except those that belong to their slave concubines,) to build railroads, steamboats, meeting-houses, and to buy wine for the communion and most all the things in use to advance the common interests of the country! Oh! how can we let you go, massa, minister of God! but we must. Remember us at the North, when you arrive at home."

I find I am making my letter too long. I must cut short many other circumstances and make an end for the present, with a few words.

My heart has been broken by the cries of the oppressed and nothing (in that sense) but their emancipation can heal it. My voice will lift up like a trumpet. Yes, I will wave the banner of liberty, and tell and publish, and republish, and expose the sins of this nation, churches, ministers, and people, until every vestige of human butchery and slavery, the accursed system of American cherished slavery, much beloved Goddess of this land, the church-supported slavery, shall be driven from the world; and especially from the churches, the professed body of Christ, if my life and health are spared. I now realize the declaration of the apostle to remember those who are in bonds as being bound with them. I will here have the audacity to state that none can be liberty men, true-hearted abolitionists, except those who are bound with the enslaved. Yes, we must not for them as for ourselves if we were in bonds, and were acting for ourselves in every department.

He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from the taking of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil: He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.—Isaiah XXXIII, 15, 16.

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold, the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.—Ecclesiastes IV, 1.

ISAAC M. WADE.
Jefferson, Ash. Co., Ohio.
P. S. Will Anti-Slavery papers please copy!

JEFFERSON, Sept. 20, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:—Although not personally acquainted with you, yet my heart is with you, and my feelings deeply interested in your success in pleading the cause of the oppressed. As your columns, as well as your heart, are always open to the cause of suffering humanity, I have taken the liberty to send you the following, hoping it may have a tendency to remove the prejudice that exists against the colored race and incline people to give them a hearing

should they have an opportunity; or better yet, cause them to contribute their mite to aid in educating our down-trodden brethren. Yours for the oppressed, S. U.

While our hearts bleed as we contemplate the sufferings of the slaves, while the tear of sympathy involuntarily falls at the thought of the wrongs and oppressions heaped upon them by the merciless south, and our hearts and hands are engaged in devising means for ameliorating their condition, and breaking the fetters which have so long bound them, let us not forget another class who certainly claim a share of our sympathy; I mean the (falsely so called) free colored population of our own State. Who can pass through the length and breadth of Ohio without having his heart grieved at the prejudice that he every where sees existing against them, and his ear pained in listening to the assertions so oft repeated, "they are incapable of improvement," "it is labor thrown away to try to elevate them," "a more never designed them for a higher sphere than they now occupy," and various other equally unfounded assertions. Then too, our statute books are blackened with laws which would disgrace the days of barbarism, laws of a most degrading character, and of the blackest dye, which could have had their origin only in the lowest regions of perdition; made for the sole purpose of depriving a part of our community of every right which can give them any claim to the title of freedom, and for no other reason than because God saw fit to give them a sable skin. Shame! shame! that such things should be suffered in this our boasted land of liberty!

But I was led at this time more particularly to speak of these things, by having last week witnessed an exhibition which could not fail to silence all cavilling with regard to their capability of improvement; and in a great measure do away in the minds of those who heard them, that prejudice against colored people which is worthy only of the dark ages. I refer to a performance by a class of pupils from Mr. H. S. Gilman's school in Cincinnati for the education of colored youth. Although but two years and a half since the institution was first founded, yet the progress which the pupils have made is such, as not only does great credit to themselves, but also reflects honor on all those engaged in their instruction. The pieces they sang were appropriate, and well performed. A solo entitled the "bereaved mother," was sung by a little girl, perhaps nine years of age, with such a pathos as to melt the hardest heart; and I saw the tear silently steal down the cheek of many a mother as she listened to her plaintive song, and reflected that scenes such as she depicted were more than realized by many a slave mother at the south; and more than one strong man was seen to drop a tear as he listened.

Many other pieces were sung by individuals, and by the choir, and not without effect. Besides the singing they had other exercises which were deeply interesting, and seemed to take hold of the hearts of all present. In conversation they showed a high degree of intelligence. It was thought by many it would be difficult to find a class of pupils in any other school in the State, who, with no greater advantages, could equal them. I attended three of their concerts at different places, and at each place all seemed delighted, and inspired with new zeal in the cause of the oppressed. More than once did I hear the exclamation "I would that every one who says 'the negro is only half human,' could be present that they might feel that such strains proceeded from the lips of a human being, one created in the image of God, a brother, a sister, and not that they were the senseless mummery of the baboon."

S. UDALL.

Oberlin, Sept. 29, 1846.

Church Action on the Subject of Slavery.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—Believing that the American churches are the bulwarks of American slavery, and that whatever is done in any part of the bulwark, is a matter of interest to those who are engaged for the overthrow of the system of human chattelism, I herewith send you the report of the committee, appointed by the church in Oberlin, on the subject of fellowship slaveholders and their abettors.

REPORT.

(1) "Regarding as we do not only the abuse of slavery, but its essential elements, as directly opposed to the law of God, and the rights of man, and the buying, selling or holding of slaves, as a sin of the first magnitude, we cannot as a church consent to perform any act (such as the giving of receiving letters) which would imply Christian fellowship with slaveholders, or with those who lend their influence to sustain slavery."